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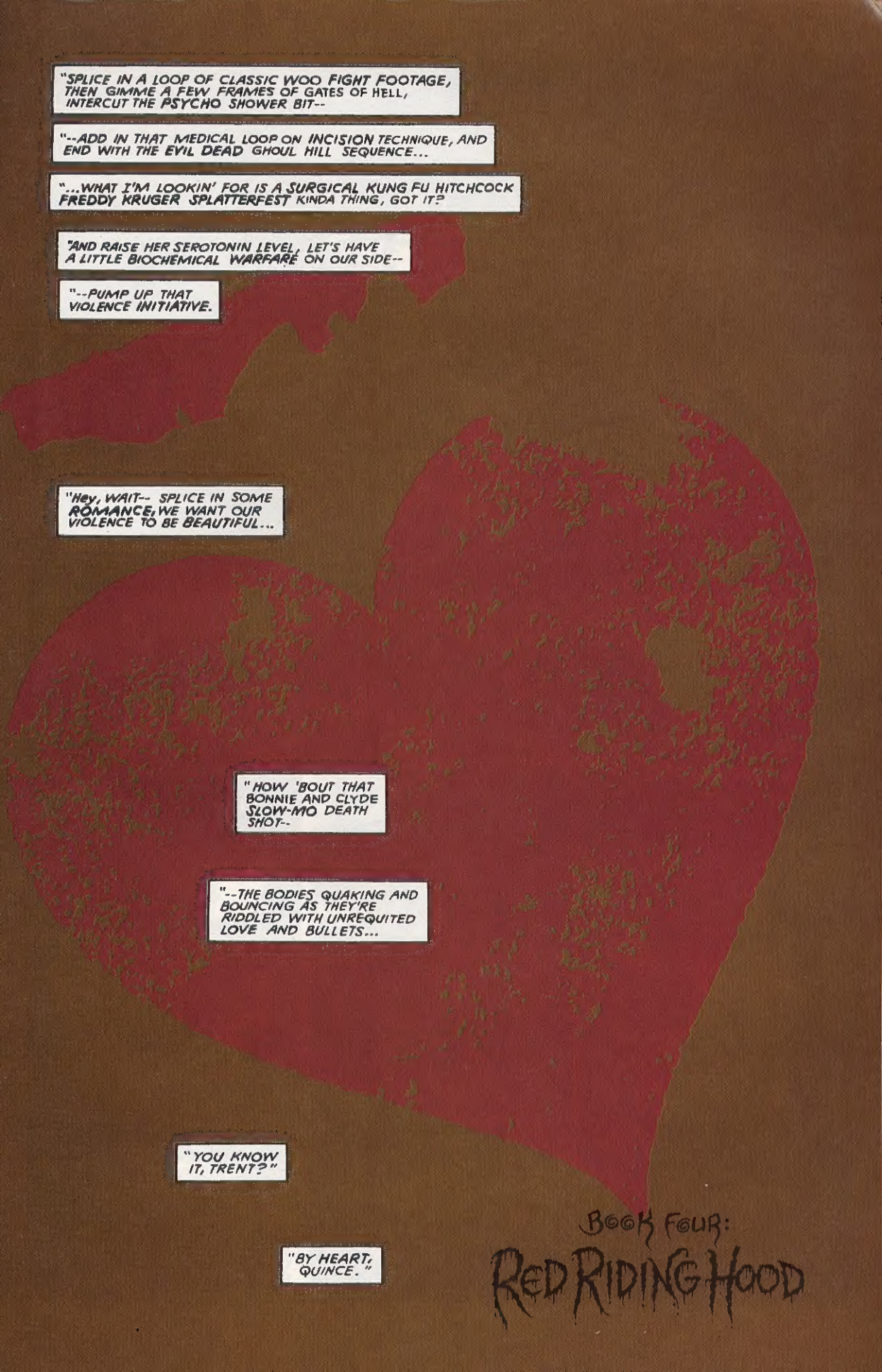

"SPLICE IN A LOOP OF CLASSIC WOO FIGHT FOOTAGE, THEN GIMME A FEW FRAMES OF GATES OF HELL, INTERCUT THE PSYCHO SHOWER BIT--
"--ADD IN THAT MEDICAL LOOP ON INCISION TECHNIQUE, AND END WITH THE EVIL DEAD GHOUL HILL SEQUENCE...
"...WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR IS A SURGICAL KUNG FU HITCHCOCK FREDDY KRUGER SPLATTERFEST KINDA THING, GOT IT?
"AND RAISE HER SEROTONIN LEVEL, LET'S HAVE A LITTLE BIOCHEMICAL WARFARE ON OUR SIDE--
"--PUMP UP THAT VIOLENCE INITIATIVE.
"Hey, WAIT-- SPLICE IN SOME ROMANCE, WE WANT OUR VIOLENCE TO BE BEAUTIFUL...
"HOW 'BOUT THAT BONNIE AND CLYDE SLOW-MO DEATH SHOT--
"--THE BODIES QUAKING AND BOUNCING AS THEY'RE RIDDLED WITH UNREQUITED LOVE AND BULLETS...
"YOU KNOW IT, TRENT?"
"BY HEART, QUINCE."
BOOK FOUR:
RED RIDING HOOD

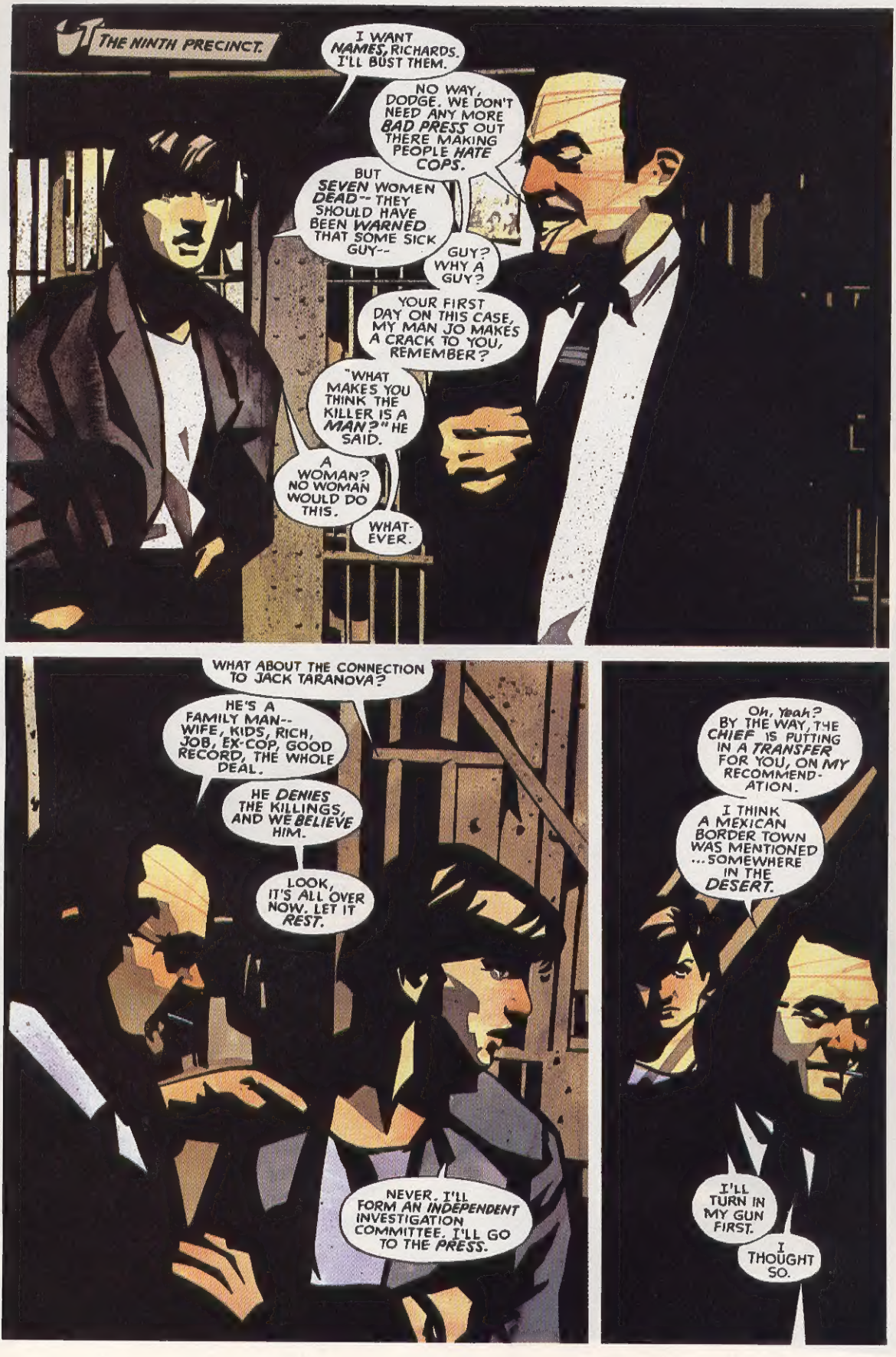
YOU'RE LOOKIN' BAD, MARY.
YOU'VE BEEN PIERCED, PROBED, ELECTRODED, STRAPPED, PINNED AND PRICKED ALL OVER.
IT'S ALL FOR SCIENCE, YOU UNDERSTAND, AND FOR ART.
SORRY ABOUT THE EYECLIPS.
IS IT HARD, NOT BEING ABLE TO BLINK?
PSYCHOTICS BLINK MORE THAN A NORMAL PERSON, BUT--
--THEY RARELY YAWN. DID YOU KNOW THAT? ISN'T THAT WEIRD?
NOW, LEMME EXPLAIN WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOIN' HERE--
--WE GOT THE GORE. WE SHOW THE GORY FOOTAGE. YOU WATCH THE GORE. WE FILM THE GIRL WATCHING THE GORE.
SIMPLE, REALLY.
IT'S A SVENGALI MENGELE VON STROHEIM KINDA THING, YA KNOW?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!
IT'S CALLED THE SATURATION TECHNIQUE.
IT WAS FIRST USED IN RAPE CASES. THEY FORCED SEX OFFENDERS TO WATCH CONTINUOUS PORNOGRAPHY UNTIL IT BORES THE LUST RIGHT OUTTA THEM.
IT'S ALSO USED AS A DIET TECHNIQUE. FORCE FATTIES TO EAT CAKE TILL THE SMELL OF SOMETHING SWEET MAKES THEM RETCH.

YOU'LL WATCH THESE BLOODY FILMS TILL YOU'RE *INCAPABLE* OF MAKING BLOOD YOURSELF.
WE *CURE* YOU, AND MAKE A SMASH HIT FILM IN THE PROCESS!
A PERFECT MARRIAGE.
THE FILM WE MAKE WILL BE A GENRE *HYBRID*, A FICTIONAL VERITÉ BASED ON A REAL EXPERIMENT--*YOU!*
TRENT--CAMERAS ROLLING?
ALWAYS.
THEN MONITOR HER RESPONSES TO THE FOLLOWING *QUESTIONS*.
FIRST OFF--*WHY* DO YOU KILL, MARY? IS IT *GENETIC?*
--A *BORN BAD*, ORIGINAL *SIN*, JAMES *DEAN*, BAD SEED KINDA THING?
Yeah, THAT'S IT. MY AUNT, *SISTER FELICITY*, WAS THE INFAMOUS *STIGMATA STRANGLER*, AND MY FATHER, *THE PREACHER*, WAS A *SERIAL CONFESSOR*...
YOU'RE *LYING*-- GOOD! THERE'S ALWAYS SOME *TRUTH* IN-SIDE A LIE.
NOW-- HOW ABOUT A *TRAUMATIC INCIDENT* WHEN YOU WERE A KID?
THERE'S NOTHING *WORSE* THAN A *HAPPY* CHILDHOOD. I HAD ONE-- AND IT WAS *DEVASTATING*.

AS A TEENAGER, DID YOU LEAD A VIOLENT SPORTING LIFE? LIKE FOOTBALL PLAYER OR BOXER? WERE YOU ALLOWED TO BE VIOLENT AT AN EARLY AGE--
--ONLY TO CONTINUE THE VIOLENT BEHAVIOR ONCE OUT OF THE RING?
I SEE A RAGING BULL GUN CRAZY OJ TYSON KINDA PROGRESSION HERE.
VIOLENT SPORTS? I'D LOVE TO SHOW YOU WHAT VIOLENCE I COULD DO TO YOU-- WITH A PING PONG BALL.
Ouch.
HOW ABOUT THE MOVIES? DID THEY INSPIRE YOUR KILLER INSTINCT?
NOT YET, QUINCE, BUT YOU'LL FIX THAT.
TRENT? ANY HOT SPOTS?
THE NEEDLE STAYED PRETTY STEADY TILL IT JUMPED AT THE "TRAUMATIC INCIDENT IN CHILDHOOD" QUESTION.
Okay. TOMORROW WE PRICK HER MEMORY BANKS.
NOW I'D LIKE SOME REAL ANSWERS, PLEASE.
WHY DO YOU KILL? TELL ME!
LET ME THINK ABOUT IT...

IDIOT.
HE'S NOT ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.
WHY NOT KILL?
I COULD KILL HIM RIGHT NOW...
THE GEARS IN MY HEAD JUST CLICK IN PLACE LIKE A MACHINE THAT EXISTED BEFORE I WAS BORN. A CODE PLANTED IN MY GENES AND I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO...
JUST AS A FINGER SLIPS INTO A TRIGGER LIKE IT WAS MADE FOR IT...
THE SPARK OF THE CHARGE THRILLS ME TO THE BONE...
AND WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT IN THEIR EYES...
...IT SENDS A KICK DOWN MY SPINE...
DEATH SMELLS LIKE BIRTH TO ME. AND ONCE YOU'RE MARKED YOU'RE MARKED. THE STIGMATA OF FIRST BLOOD.
EVERY TIME I SEE SOMEONE DIE, I KNOW THEY ARE DYING BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'M THE ONE DYING.
HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THESE THINGS TO SUCH CHILDREN?

THINGS THESE CHILDREN WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND UNLESS THEY TOO HAVE THEIR MINDS' FLESH DRAGGED TO HELL AND BACK, LEFT JUST RAW BONE.
PUNY RESTRAINTS. WHO ARE THEY KIDDING? HE CAN MAKE HIS MOVIE, BUT THE ENDING IS MINE.
WHAT THEY WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND IS THAT I AM RESOUNDINGLY, COMPLETELY SANE.
JESUS, QUINCE!
HER NUMBERS JUST JUMPED OFF THE CHARTS!
LOOK AT THESE MONITORS--HER HEART RATE, PULSE, EVEN HER EEG CHANGED.'
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, TRENT.
THE EEG, THAT'S HER BRAIN PATTERN, IT'S LIKE A FINGERPRINT.
IT NEVER CHANGES.
HERS DOES.


THE NINTH PRECINCT.
I WANT NAMES, RICHARDS. I'LL BUST THEM.
NO WAY, DODGE. WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE BAD PRESS OUT THERE MAKING PEOPLE HATE COPS.
BUT SEVEN WOMEN DEAD-- THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED THAT SOME SICK GUY--
GUY? WHY A GUY?
YOUR FIRST DAY ON THIS CASE, MY MAN JO MAKES A CRACK TO YOU, REMEMBER?
"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE KILLER IS A MAN?" HE SAID.
A WOMAN? NO WOMAN WOULD DO THIS.
WHAT-EVER.
WHAT ABOUT THE CONNECTION TO JACK TARANOVA?
HE'S A FAMILY MAN-- WIFE, KIDS, RICH, JOB, EX-COP, GOOD RECORD, THE WHOLE DEAL.
HE DENIES THE KILLINGS, AND WE BELIEVE HIM.
LOOK, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. LET IT REST.
NEVER. I'LL FORM AN INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE. I'LL GO TO THE PRESS.
Oh, Yeah? BY THE WAY, THE CHIEF IS PUTTING IN A TRANSFER FOR YOU, ON MY RECOMMEND-ATION.
I THINK A MEXICAN BORDER TOWN WAS MENTIONED ...SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT.
I'LL TURN IN MY GUN FIRST.
I THOUGHT SO.

"JIGGLE THAT WIRE, TRENT. PRICK A MEMORY..."
WHAT'S THAT LITTLE HISSING WHISPER LIKE A SNAKE, OR A KETTLE'S STEAM ON THE EDGE OF BOILING...
DON'T LET THEM CRAM YOUR HEAD WITH CRAP ABOUT BAD SPINSTERS AND INNOCENT PRINCESSES.
IT'S THE MADWOMAN THAT HISSES. BUT UNDERNEATH THE HISS, I CAN READ HER MIND.
PRINCE CHARMING'S JUST ANOTHER OILY CON MAN. CINDERELLA JUST GOT CINDERS.
SHE'S TELLING ME THAT INSANITY IS A SAFE PLACE FOR THE SANE TO HIDE.
STAY OUT ALL NIGHT, YOU WON'T TURN INTO A PUMPKIN.
BEAUTY SLEEPS FOREVER. IT WAS THE STUPID KISSES THAT PUT HER TO SLEEP.
SNOW WHITE WAS JUST A NURSEMAID TO DWARVES.
ONCE UPON A TIME ALL YOU DO IS GET OLD.

WHAT'S SHE MUTTERING ABOUT?
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE TOLD HER SOME TWISTED FAIRY TALES WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE AND IN A HOSPITAL OR MAYBE AN ASYLUM.
LET'S GO BACK FURTHER. PRICK HER MEMORY BANKS AGAIN, TRENT.
MARY! HOW DID YOU GET LOCKED UP? WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T EVEN BREATHE, OR YOU'LL TRIP THAT TRIGGER AND BLOW YOUR BAD HEAD OFF.
THAT'LL TEACH YOU, BAD GIRL.
"EXPLOSIVE RE-ENACTMENT," SAID THE DOCTOR.
GROSS, BRUTAL INJUSTICE IS VISITED ON A SMALL, HELPLESS CHILD. THE CHILD GROWS UP, AND NO AMOUNT OF YENGEANCE CAN PURGE THAT VIOLATION.
NOTHING CAN RIGHT THE IMBALANCED SCALES. I'M KILLING THAT SAME BASTARD OVER AND OVER.
I'M DOING IT FOR ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS OUT THERE THAT CAN'T KILL THEIR SECRET BASTARDS.
MARY! WHAT IS HE DOING TO YOU?
IS HE HITTING YOU?
WHAT DO THEY WANT ME TO SAY?

ELSEWHERE IN THE TARANOVA MANSION...
YOU EVER WANT TO COME CLEAN, Mr. TARA NOVA, IF YOU EVER WANT TO TALK... OFF THE RECORD, THAT IS.
IT WOULD HAVE TO BE, RIGHT, DODGE? I HEARD YOU'RE OFF THE FORCE.
YES, I AM. I TURNED IN MY GUN TODAY.
CALL ME. IT'S THE RIGHT THING, JACK.
I'LL SEE MYSELF OUT.
SLAM!
WHAT A NICE WOMAN.
I WONDER WHAT ALL THOSE QUESTIONS WERE ABOUT?
Well, IF IT ISN'T THE QUEEN OF DENIAL. YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS ABOUT--
--YOUR LITTLE TRIPS TO THE CITY, ALWAYS FOLLOWING ME!
WELL, IT'S OVER!
YOU'RE LUCKY I'VE BEEN ABLE TO PROTECT YOU, KEEP YOU OFF THE GALLOWS.
BUT YOUR GIRLS... ALL THOSE WOMEN...
I SAID IT'S OVER.
THAT MEANS IT'S OVER FOR BOTH OF US.

AND I TELL YOU, QUINCE -- IT'S OVER. NO MORE!
WE'RE KILLING HER!
BUT I STILL HAVE TO FINISH THE MOVIE, TRENT! IT NEEDS AN ENDING!
OKAY, TYPHOID. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU REMEMBERED.
TELL THE CAMERA--
--AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY.
ME?
I JUST SAW... MY TERRIBLE CHILDHOOD. THINGS I NEVER KNEW BEFORE.
I FEEL... CALM NOW... PURGED.
SEE, TRENT? IT WORKED! WE CURED HER!
SHE'LL NEVER BE VIOLENT AGAIN!

IDIOTS.
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR CURING ME. I WILL NEVER HURT ANYONE EVER AGAIN.
WHO ARE YOU NOW? WHICH PERSONALITY?
WHO DO YOU WANT ME TO BE?
TYPHOID, FOR A MOMENT. I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT KILLING.
HOW DID IT FEEL THE FIRST TIME?
HOW DID IT FEEL?
HOW DID IT FEEL WHILE YOU WERE KILLING ME?
STOP IT, QUINCE! SHE'S HAD ENOUGH!
TIME TO LET HER GO!
BUT THIS IS GREAT! I GOT HER BACKSTORY, I GOT THE THEMATIC FABRIC OF THE THING--
AND NOW THIS CONFESSIONAL MODE-- IT'LL PLAY WELL, MAYBE I'LL SPLICE IT WITH EARLIER FOOTAGE OF HER PAIN...
MARY?
ARE YOU OKAY?
MAKE HIM STOP... MY MIND IS BURSTING!
I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER!
SURE I KILLED! I KILLED AND KILLED AND WHEN I COULDN'T STOP I KILLED SOME MORE!
OH, GOD MAKE HIM STOP!
MARY--

SHE HEARS TRENT'S GENTLE WORDS LIKE WAVES LAPPING ON THE DISTANT SHORE OF HER MIND... BUT SHE'S FAR AWAY NOW...
MARY?
WE'VE GOT TO GROW UP NOW.
NO.
IT'S ME BUT NOT ME
COME ON, SWEETIE. WE SPLINTERED TO DEAL WITH THE PAIN. TIME TO TAKE THE SPLINTER OUT.
I'M HER AND SHE'S ME.
SHE'S NOT ME BUT SHE'S ME.
IN. I WANT THE SPLINTER TO STAY IN.

LITTLE VIRGIN MARY--
--YOU DON'T FOOL ME!
DON'T HURT ME, TYPHOID!
SHUT UP!
YOU PURR AROUND LIKE A DUMB BUNNY, FLUTTERING YOUR PATHETIC LASHES WITH YOUR PURE, VIRGINAL, INNOCENT BULLSHIT!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. DON'T SAY SUCH HORRIBLE, UGLY THINGS.
IT'S A SCAM-- YOU MANIPULATE MORE THAN ANY OF US WITH YOUR SIMPERING DEMURE ACT, YOUR FALSE MODESTY!
YOU WANT IT MOST OF ALL. I MAY BE A VIXEN BUT AT LEAST I'M HONEST!
WHAT'S CRAZIER-- THE WAY I ACT OR THE WAY YOU LIE?
I'D NEVER HURT ANY-ONE.
ugh!

I'D NEVER HURT YOU, TYPHOID. YOU'RE LIKE MY SISTER.
OH, WHAT PRETTY RED PAINT.
BLOODY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHO'S THE SCAM, WHO'S THE FOOL?
YOU ACCUSE HER?
YOU THINK YOUR SEXY WAYS GIVE YOU POWER?
YOU EXPLOIT YOURSELF, YOU DEMEAN YOURSELF, YOU MAKE YOURSELF AS PATHETIC A DOLL AS THE OTHERS!
WE'RE AT WAR! WE'VE GOT TO BE WARRIORS!
THEY BROKE US, THOSE BASTARDS, A LONG TIME AGO, AND WE'VE GOT TO KILL THEM FOR IT!
KILL ALL OF THEM--
--OVER AND OVER!

Yeah, RIGHT. YOU'RE JUST A KILLER.
I KNOW YOU ONLY KILL *MEN* WHO *HURT* WOMEN.
YOU THINK THAT MAKES IT *RIGHT*.
YOU CALL YOURSELF A *SUPER-FEMINIST*, FIGHTING FOR THE *RIGHTS* OF WOMEN.
BUT IT'S ALL *GARBAGE*, BECAUSE YOU'RE A KILLER. YOU *NEGATE* YOUR OWN BELIEFS.
YOU'RE A BITTER, MEAN, ANGRY, SICK *KILLER*. IF YOU WERE REALLY *HONEST*, YOU'D KILL *YOURSELF*.
BUT YOU CAN'T KILL *WOMEN*, CAN YOU? WOMEN ARE ALL *INNOCENT*, YOU SAY.
POOR INNOCENT *VICTIMS*.
SHUT UP.
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S GOT THEM ALL FOOLED.
YOU WITH YOUR LOGICAL, RATIONAL, SANE MIND-- YOU'RE THE CRAZIEST, MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL.
THAT'S THE JOKE-- THAT'S ALL SANITY *IS*-- THE MOST SOPHISTICATED FORM OF *INSANITY* AROUND.
WHATEVER.

OH, SHIT. SHE RUINED MY LAB.
SHE WAS FIGHTING THE PEOPLE IN HER HEAD, I THINK...
SHE'S GOT MY GUN.
SHE'S GONNA KILL US, ISN'T SHE?
WOULDN'T YOU, AFTER WHAT WE DID?
I MUST BE DEAD.
I FEEL NOTHING, THEREFORE I AM DEAD.
NO, WORSE--ALIVE.
GUNS ARE LIGHTER WITHOUT BULLETS.
HUMANS ARE LIGHTER WITHOUT BRAINS.
HERE'S TO LIGHTENING THE LOAD.
MARY, DON'T.

TRENT, WHY DID YOU STOP HER?
YOU DON'T KNOW?
I REMEMBER NOTHING.
GOOD.
YOU RUINED THE MOVIE!
THAT WAS THE ENDING! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT!
WHERE AM I?
WHY AM I HERE?
SOME MOVIE STAR ONCE SAID: "THE KEY TO HAPPINESS IS A BAD MEMORY."
OUCH!
YOU LITTLE SHIT!
DON'T HURT ME!
I CURED YOU!
WAS I SICK?
YES! I CURED YOU!
I MADE ALL THAT UP.
IT WAS LIES LIES LIES.
YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHY KILLERS KILL? WHAT A STUPID QUESTION.
DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT SOME PEOPLE SHOULD BE DEAD?
WHICH WAY IS OUT OF THIS DUNGEON?

THESE KIDS HAD ME IN SOME KINDA MANSION. THIS PLACE IS ENDLESS. GOTTA BE AN EXIT--
YOU?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
YOU'RE THAT TRICK THE GIRLS CALLED BABY!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO GOT ALL THOSE WOMEN KILLED!
EVERY TIME YOU TOUCHED A WOMAN, SHE DIED!
NO! IT WASN'T ME!
I KNEW SOMEONE WAS KILLING THE GIRLS I WAS WITH, BUT RIGHT AFTER I LEFT THEM--
--SO I SNUCK BACK ONCE, I USED ONE OF MY SON'S CAMERAS AND I SHOT THE KILLER MYSELF!
SQUAWK
SHOT IT SHOT IT!
IT'S HERE, I KNOW IT IS! IT'S PROOF I'M INNOCENT!
CLICK WHIRR
PROOF PROOF!
YOU JUST WATCHED HER DIE? FILMED HER MURDER?
YOU DIDN'T TRY TO SAVE THE GIRL YOU HAD JUST SLEPT WITH?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
OH! IT'S YOU-- MY SON'S LITTLE MOVIE STAR.
AND WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THAT ONE'S MOTHER, AND THIS ONE'S WIFE.
I AM THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE.
YOU'RE ALL IN WHITE.
I KNOW YOU.
YOU WERE THE LAST TRICK, YOU CAME TO SEE HESTER AND THEN I HEARD HER POUNDING ON THE WALL...
...POUNDING FOR ME TO HELP HER...
YOU KILLED HESTER, DIDN'T YOU?
HIS WIFE! YOU'RE THE ONE!
YOU KILLED EVERY WOMAN YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT?! DID YOU?!
WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE? WHY ARE YOU IN THIS HOUSE?
THIS IS A HOUSE OF MURDERERS!
I'M HALLUCINATING THIS, RIGHT?
YOU DON'T EXIST...
...I MUST BE GOING MAD...

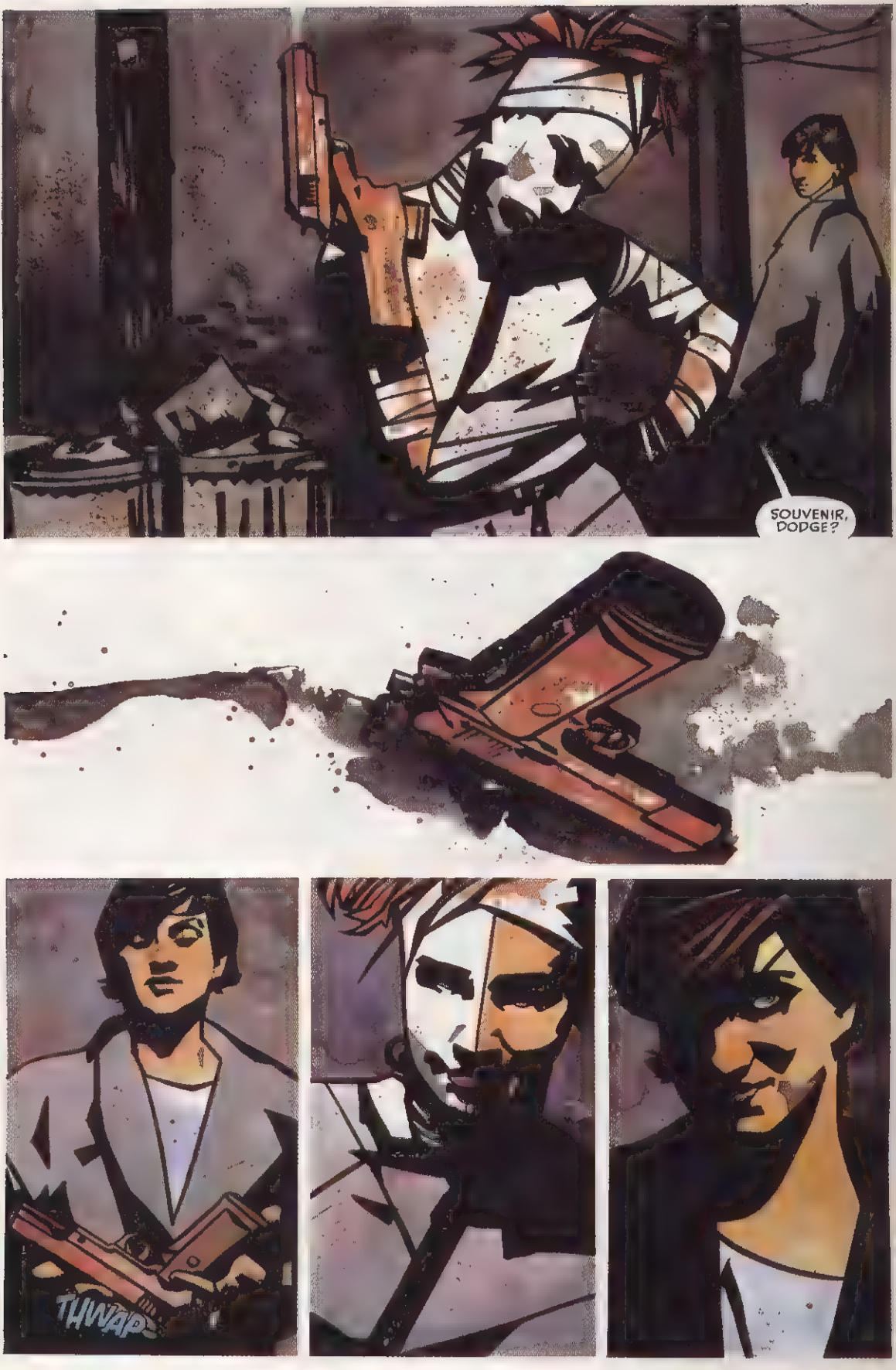
THE KILLER IS A WOMAN? NO!
HOW CAN THAT BE?!
FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR.
YOU'RE THE ONE.
AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.
I CAN'T KILL WOMEN, DAMN IT.
JACK, DARLING, DID YOU DROP THIS?
IS THIS YOURS? FILTHY, FILTHY, FILTHY.
DIRTY MONEY. YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN...
YOU'RE NOT REAL, ANYWAY.
YOU'RE IN MY HEAD.
YOU'RE A NEW ONE, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE. BUT YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER VOICE IN MY HEAD.
I CAN IGNORE YOU BY THE THOUSANDS.

YOU DON'T THINK I'M REAL? HOW INSULTING.
TELL ME, THESE WOMEN YOU CHAMPION. THESE PROSTITUTES...
DID YOU KNOW THEY RUIN LIVES AND DESTROY FAMILIES?
THEY TEMPT MEN, AND THE MEN STRAY.
THEY EXPLOIT THEMSELVES AND RUIN THE LIVES OF OTHERS.
HOW CAN YOU SELL YOURSELF? HOW CAN YOU BUY SOMEONE?
LOOK AT THIS MONEY-- FILTHY!
HOW MANY OF THESE "FILTHY" WOMEN DID YOU KILL?
I READ ABOUT THE FIRST ONE IN THE PAPER. A BAD GIRL DIED AND SO I ADDED A FEW MORE.
I DID ONE FOR EACH.
A BLONDE.
A REDHEAD
AN ASIAN.
A BLACK GIRL.
WHO COULD KEEP UP? WHO COULD BE ALL THAT?
SO RACE DID ONE. SHE DID FOUR. THAT LEAVES TWO.
IT WAS RICHARDS. HE MUST HAVE DONE ONE, MAYBE TWO.
DODGE? IT'S JACK TARANOVA
I THINK YOU'D BETTER WARN DETECTIVE RICHARDS ABOUT SOMETHING...

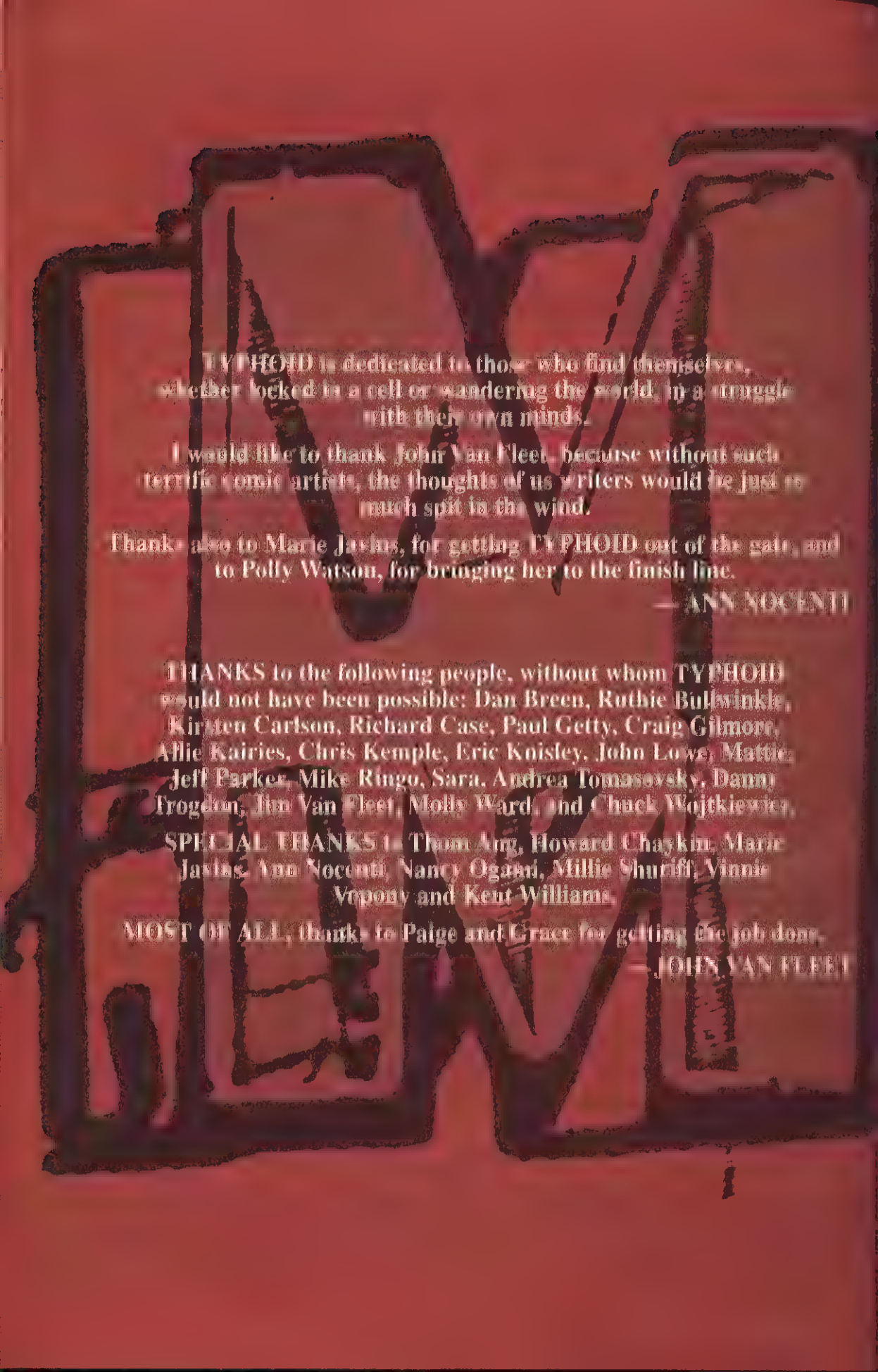
LISTEN TO ALL THE VOICES IN MY HEAD.
LET EVERY VOICE IN, EVERY VOICE IN THIS CITY.
AND THEN LISTEN FOR THE LOWEST, FOULEST, VOICE OF ALL...
LISTEN AS IT DEMANDS, BRIBES, EXTORTS, SNEERS ITS WAY ACROSS THE CITY.
WAIT TILL ITS CHEEKS ARE BLOATED WITH GOLD, ITS MOVEMENTS THICK WITH GREED...
THERE IS NO TOMORROW. I WANT MY MONEY NOW.
RICHARDS, I AIN'T GOT IT, MAN-- BLOOD FROM A STONE, YOU CAN'T FORCE IT!
YOU GOT ONE MORE HOUR-- GET GOING!

HI, DICK.
Huh?
click
WHY DID YOU KILL THOSE WOMEN?
YOU AGAIN?
LOOK, NO ONE GIVES A SHIT IF A WHORE DIES
WAAAMP!
HEY!
THIS IS FOR CYNTHIA!
THIS IS FOR HESTER!
THIS IS FOR TULIP!
CRACK CRACK CRACK
THIS IS FOR EVERY POOR LITTLE GIRL GETTING RAPED IN THE DARK...
...THIS IS FOR EVERY BRUISE...
HEY!
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S DODGE.
DODGE!..
...SHE'S KILLING ME..
SHOOT HER..
I CAN'T.
YOU FORCED ME TO RESIGN. REMEMBER?
I'VE GOT NO GUN.
CAN'T SHOOT ANYBODY FOR YOU, DICK.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS.?
POP POP POP
WHY?
I DON'T LIKE MEN WHO SUCK LOLLIPOPS.


SOUVENIR, DODGE?
THWAP

EPILOGUE.
M. WALKER
THE DOG DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE LONG AS TELEPHONE WIRES AND JUST AS THIN...
SHE MARKED TIME WITH POSTCARDS, PICTURES OF ALL THE TICKY, TACKY NEW YORK CITY SIGHTS SHE NEVER BOTHERED TO GO SEE...
Dear John..
ONE DAY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. TIMIDLY INSISTENT. A WOMAN'S KNOCK.
TAP TAP TAP
IF HER STOCKINGS HAD SEAMS THEY'D BE STRAIGHT, AND SHE WAS WRAPPED TIGHTER THAN A NUN'S BUSTLE, EXCEPT NUNS DON'T WEAR SILK AND CASHMERE...
AND THE SEAMS IN HER EYES WERE CROOKED...
EYES AS SAD AS A WIDOW'S WASHLINE...
DETECTIVE WALKER?
WALKER'S OUT. CAN I HELP YOU?
IN THE MOVIES, THE DETECTIVE ALWAYS HAS A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER...
WELL, I'LL BE.
I WANT SOMEONE SET UP. SENT TO JAIL.
LIKE GET HIM DRUNK, LEAVE DRUGS IN HIS CAR...
...CALL THE STATE TROOPER WHEN HE GOES TO DRIVE...
...AND GET HIM FOR DWI AND POSSESSION?
WHY, YES. SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
DOES HE DESERVE IT?
THE GLASSES WERE OFF NOW, AND HER FLESH WAS A MOTTLED MESS OF RUDE RED WELTS AND BLOSSOMING PURPLE BRUISES, FRESH AS NEW FLOWERS...
...ALMOST PRETTY
JUST TELL ME WHERE HE LIVES..
THE END.



TYPHOID is dedicated to those who find themselves, whether locked in a cell or wandering the world, in a struggle with their own minds.

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— ANN NOCENTI

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MOST OF ALL, thanks to Paige and Grace for getting the job done.

— JOHN VAN FLEET

FOR MAYOR

I'm goin' for a BORN BAD, ORIGINAL SIN, JAMES DEAN, BAD SEED kinda thing, ya know?

Cameras rolling?

Then shoot her!

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